



"IN DUMB SIGNIFICANTS PROCLAIM YOUR THOUGHTS."—SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. VI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 15, 1876.

No. 20.

[FOR THE SILENT WORLD.]

MY CENTENNIAL.

BY RICHARD G. LINTHICUM.

In the city of Philadelphia,
The city of love so filial,
Uncle Sam's the hero of the day,
With his great "Centennial."
And the praise of this mighty "show"
Resound from zone to zone—
But I'd have you know,
As along you go,
I've a "Centennial" of my own.

My curiosities are very rare,
Novel, queer and great—
I've a malady to kill "dull care,"
And a "glove" for the "hand of Fate."

I can "spin" the "top of a mountain,"
I've a "hat" to fit its "head,"
I've a "tongue" for the "mouth of a river,"
And a "shoe" for the "foot of a bed."

I've a "lock of hair" from the "head of time,"
And a "mouth" for the "teeth of a saw,"
An "instrument" for "making rhyme,"
And "sure death," for a "mother-in-law."

For "living curiosities,"
I am not at a loss;
I've got "Sitting Bull" and "Buffalo Bill,"
And little "Charlie Ross."
One more I will mention,
But these are not near all,
I've got the original "Bill Tweed,"
Preserved in alcohol.

THE GHOSTLY RENTAL.

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

III.

Still she said nothing, and at last I rose with a melo-dramatic sigh and departed. As I reached the door she called me and pointed to the chair I had vacated. "I never was hard-hearted," she said, "Sit down, and if we are to perish, may we at least perish together." And then, in a very few words, she communicated what she knew of Captain Diamond's secret. "He was a very high-tempered old man, and though he was very fond of his daughter, his will was law. He had picked out a husband for her, and given her due notice. Her mother was dead, and they lived alone together. The house had been Mrs. Diamond's own marriage portion; the Captain, I believe, hadn't a penny. After his marriage they had come to live there, and he had begun to work the farm. The poor girl's lover was a young man with whiskers from Boston. The Captain came in one evening and found them together; he collared the young man, and hurled a terrible curse at the poor girl. The young man cried that she was his wife, and he asked her if it was true. She said, No! Thereupon Captain Diamond, his fury growing fiercer, repeated his imprecation, ordered her out of the house, and

disowned her forever. She swooned away, but her father went raging off and left her. Several hours later, he came back and found the house empty. On the table was a note from the young man telling him that he had killed his daughter, repeating the assurance that she was his own wife, and declaring that he himself claimed the sole right to commit her remains to earth. He had carried the body away in a gig! Captain Diamond wrote him a dreadful note in answer, saying that he didn't believe his daughter was dead, but that, whether or no, she was dead to him. A week later, in the middle of the night, he saw her ghost. Then, I suppose, he was convinced. The ghost re-appeared several times and finally began regularly to haunt the house. It made the old man very uncomfortable, for little by little his passion passed away, and he was given up to grief. He determined at last to leave the place, and tried to sell it or rent it; but meanwhile the story had gone abroad, the ghost had been seen by other persons, the house had a bad name, and it was impossible to dispose of it. With the farm, it was the old man's only property, and his only means of subsistence; if he could neither live in it, or rent it he was beggared. But the ghost had no mercy, as he had had none. He struggled for six months, and at last broke down. He put on his old blue coat and took up his staff, and prepared to wander away and beg his bread. Then the ghost relented, and proposed a compromise. 'Leave the house to me!' it is said; 'I have marked it for my own. Go off and live elsewhere. But to enable you to live, I will be your tenant, since you can find no other. I will hire the house of you, and pay you a certain rent.' And the ghost named a sum. The old man consented, and he goes every quarter to collect his rent!"

I laughed at this recital, but I confess I shuddered too, for my own observation had exactly confirmed it. Had I not been witness of the Captain's quarterly visits, had I not all but seen him sit watching his spectral tenant count out the rent-money, and when he trudged away in the dark, had he not a little bag of strangely gotten coin hidden in the folds of his blue cloak? I imparted none of these reflections to Miss Deborah, for I was determined that my observations should have a sequel, and I promised myself the pleasure of treating her to my story in its full maturity. "Captain Diamond," I asked "has no other known means of subsistence?"

"None whatever. He toils not, neither does he spin—his ghost supports him. A haunted house is valuable property!"

"And in what coin does the ghost pay?"

"In good American gold and silver. It has only this peculiarity—that the pieces are all dated before the young girl's death. It's a strange mixture of matter and spirit!"

"And does the ghost do things handsomely; is the rent large?"

"The old man, I believe, lives decently, and has his pipe and his glass. He took a little house down by the river; the door is side-wise to the street, and there is a little garden before it. There he spends his days, and has an old colored woman to do for him. Some years ago he used to wander about a good deal, he was a familiar figure in the town, and most people knew his legend. But of late

he has drawn back into his shell; he sits over his fire, and curiosity has forgotten him. I suppose he is falling into his dotage. But I am sure, I trust," said Miss Deborah in conclusion, "that he won't outlive his faculties or his powers of locomotion, for, if I remember rightly, it was part of the bargain that he should come in person to collect his rent."

We neither of us seemed likely to suffer an especial penalty for Miss Deborah's indiscretion I found her, day after day, singing over her work, neither more nor less active than usual. For myself, I boldly pursued my observations. I went again, more than once, to the great graveyard, but I was disappointed in my hope of finding Captain Diamond there. I had a prospect, however, which afforded me compensation. I shrewdly inferred that the old man's quarterly pilgrimages were made upon the last day of the quarter. My first sight of him had been on the 31st of December, and it was probable that he would return to his haunted home on the last day of March. This was near at hand; at last it arrived. I betook myself late in the afternoon to the old house on the cross-road, supposing that the hour of twilight was the appointed season. I was not wrong. I had been hovering about for a short time, feeling very much like a restless ghost myself, when he appeared in the same manner as before, and wearing the same costume. I again concealed myself, and saw him enter the house with the ceremonial which he had used on the former occasion. A light appeared successively in the crevice of each pair of shutters, and I opened the window which had yielded to my importunity before. Again I saw the great shadow on the wall, motionless and solemn. But I saw nothing else. The old man re-appeared at last, made his fantastic salaam before the house, and crept away into the dusk.

One day, more than a month after this, I met him again at Mount Auburn. The air was full of the voice of spring; the birds had come back and were twittering over their winter's travels, and a mild west wind was making a thin murmur in the raw verdure. He was seated on a bench in the sun, still muffled in his enormous mantle, and he recognized me as soon as I approached him. He nodded at me as if he was an old Bashaw giving the signal for my decapitation, but it was apparent that he was pleased to see me.

"I have looked for you here more than once," I said. "You don't come often."

"What did you want of me?" he asked.

"I wanted to enjoy your conversation. I did so greatly when I met you here before."

"You found me amusing?"

"Interesting!" I said.

"You didn't think me cracked?"

"Cracked?—My dear sir—!" I protested.

"I'm the sanest man in the country. I know that is what insane people say; but generally they can't prove it. I can!"

"I believe it," said I. "But I am curious to know how such a thing can be proved."

He was silent awhile.

I will tell you. I once committed, unintentionally, a great crime. Now I pay the penalty. I give up my life to it. I don't shirk it; I face it squarely, knowing perfectly what it is. I haven't tried to bluff it off; I haven't begged off from it; I haven't run away from it. The penalty is terrible, but I have accepted it. I have been a philosopher!"

"If I were a Catholic, I might have turned monk, and spent the rest of my life in fasting and praying. That is no penalty; that is an evasion. I might have blown my brains out—I might have gone mad. I wouldn't do either. I would simply face the music, take the consequences. As I say, they are awful! I take them on

certain days, four times a year. So it has been these twenty years: so it will be as long as I last. It's my business; it's my avocation. That's the way I feel about it. I call that reasonable!"

"Admirably so!" said I. "But you fill me with curiosity and with compassion."

"Especially with curiosity," he said, cunningly.

"Why," I answered, "if I know exactly what you suffer I can pity you more."

"I'm much obliged. I don't want your pity; it won't help me. I'll tell you something, but it's not for myself; it's for your own sake." He paused a long time and looked round him, as if for chance eavesdroppers. I anxiously awaited his revelation, but he disappointed me. "Are you still studying theology?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered, perhaps with a shade of irritation. "It's a thing one can't learn in six months."

"I should think not, so long as you have nothing but your books. Do you know the proverb, 'A grain of experience is worth a pound of precept'? I'm a great theologian."

"Ah, you have had experience," I murmured sympathetically.

"You have read about the immortality of the soul; you have seen Jonathan Edwards and Dr. Hopkins chopping logic over it, and deciding, by chapter and verse, that is true. But I have seen it with these eyes; I have touched it with these hands! And the old man held up his ragged old fists and shook them portentously. "That's better!" he went on; "but I have bought it dearly. You had better take it from the books—evidently you always. You are a very good young man; you will never have a crime on your conscience."

I answered with some juvenile fatuity, that I certainly hoped I had my share of human passions, good young man and prospective Doctor of Divinity as I was.

"Ah, but you have a nice, quiet little temper," he said. "So have I—now! But once I was very brutal—very brutal. You ought to know that such things are. I killed my own child."

"Your own child!"

"I struck her down to the earth and left her to die. They could not hang me, for it was not with my hand I struck her. It was with foul and damnable words. That makes a difference; it's a grand law we live under! Well, sir, I can answer for it that *her* soul is immortal. We have an appointment to meet four times a year, and then I catch it!"

"She has never forgiven you?"

"She has forgiven me as the angels forgive! That's what I can't stand—the soft, quiet way she looks at me. I'd rather she twisted a knife about in my heart—O Lord, Lord, Lord!" and Captain Diamond bowed his head over his stick, and leaned his forehead on his crossed hands.

I was impressed and moved, and his attitude seemed for the moment a check to further questions. Before I ventured to ask him anything more, he slowly rose and pulled his old cloak around him. He was unused to talking about his troubles, and his memories overwhelmed him. "I must go my way," he said; "I must be creeping along."

"I shall perhaps meet you here again," I said.

"Oh, I'm a stiff-jointed old fellow," he answered, "and this is rather far for me to come. I have to reserve myself. I have sat sometimes a month at a time smoking my pipe in my chair. But I should like to see you again." And he stopped and looked at me, terribly and kindly. "Some day, perhaps, I shall be glad to be able to lay my hand on a young, unperverted soul. If a man can make a friend, it is always something gained. What is your name?"

I had in my pocket a small volume of Pascal's "Thoughts," on the fly-leaf of which were my name and address. I took it out and offered it to my old friend. "Pray keep this little book," I said. "It is one I am very fond of, and it will tell you something about me."

He took it and turned it over slowly, then looking up at me with a scowl of gratitude, "I'm not much of a reader," he said; "but I won't refuse the first present I shall have received since—my troubles; and the last. Thank you, sir!" And with the little book in his hand he took his departure.

I was left to imagine him, for some weeks after that sitting solitary in his arm-chair with his pipe. I had not another glimpse of him. But I was waiting my chance, and on the last day of June, another quarter having elapsed, I deemed that it had come. The evening dusk in June falls late, and I was impatient for its coming. At last, toward the end of a lovely summer's day, I revisited Captain Diamond's property. Everything now was green around it save the blighted orchard in its rear, but its own immitigable grayness and sadness were as striking as when I had first beheld it beneath a December sky. As I drew near it, I saw that I was late for my purpose, for my purpose had simply been to step forward on Captain Diamond's arrival, and bravely ask him to let me go in with him. He had preceded me, and there were lights already in the windows. I was unwilling, of course, to disturb him during his ghostly interview, and I waited till he came forth. The lights disappeared in the course of the time; then the door opened and Captain Diamond stole out. That evening he made no bow to the haunted house, for the first object he beheld was his fair-minded young friend planted, modestly but firmly, near the door-step. He stopped short, looked at me, and this time his terrible scowl was in keeping with the situation.

"I knew you were here," I said. "I came on purpose."

He seemed dismayed, and looked round at the house uneasily.

"I beg your pardon if I have ventured too far," I added, "but you know you have encouraged me."

"How did you know I was here?"

"I reasoned it out. You told me half your story, and I guessed the other half. I am a great observer, and I had noticed this house in passing. It seemed to me to have a mystery. When you kindly confided to me that you saw spirits, I was sure that it could only be here that you saw them."

"You are mighty clever," cried the old man. "And what brought you here this evening?"

I was obliged to evade this question.

"Oh, I often come; I like to look at the house—it fascinates me."

He turned and looked up at it himself. "It's nothing to look at outside." He was evidently quite unaware of its peculiar outward appearance, and this odd fact, communicated to me thus in the twilight, and under the very brow of the sinister, dwelling, seemed to make his vision of the strange things within more real.

"I have been hoping," I said, "for a chance to see the inside. I thought I might find you here, and that you would let me go in with you. I should like to see what you see."

He seemed confounded by my boldness, but not altogether displeased. He laid his hand on my arm. "Do you know what I see?" he asked.

"How can I know, except as you said the other day, by experience?" I want to have the experience. Pray, open the door and take me in."

Captain Diamond's brilliant eyes expanded beneath their dusky brows, and after holding his breath a moment, he indulged in the first and last apology for a laugh by which I was to see his solemn

visage contorted. It was profoundly grotesque, but it was perfectly noiseless. "Take you in?" he softly growled. "I wouldn't go in again before my time's up for a thousand times that sum." And he thrust out his hand from the folds of his cloak and exhibited a small agglomeration of coin, knotted into the corner of an old silk pocket-handkerchief. "I stick to my bargain no less, but no more!"

"But you told me the first time I had the pleasure of talking with you that it was not so terrible."

"I don't say it's terrible—now. But it's damned disagreeable!"

This adjective was uttered with a force that made me hesitate and reflect. While I did so, I thought I heard a slight movement of one of the window-shutters above us. Captain Diamond, too, had been thinking; suddenly he turned toward the house. "If you will go in alone," he said, "you are welcome."

"Will you wait for me here?"

"Yes, you will not stop long."

"But the house is pitch dark. When you go you have lights."

He thrust his hand into the depths of his cloak and produced some matches. "Take these," he said. "You will find two candlesticks with candles on the table in the hall. Light them, take one in each hand and go ahead."

"Where shall I go?"

"Anywhere—everywhere. You can trust the ghost to find you."

CUPID.

There seems this summer to have been a concerted effort to test the solvency of the above-conceited individual. His liabilities were admitted on all hands so be heavy, but the wholesale clearance and squaring of his accounts which have taken within the past few weeks, do not seem to have perceptibly diminished his assets. Thus far he has honored every draft in gold (so the holders of his paper say,) and he may now be considered equal to any emergency.

First came the marriage of Albert C. Powell, A. B., of Findlay, and Miss Catharine Ringer, of Arcadia, Ohio, both graduates of this Institution.

Next came the nuptials at the Institution, upon the morning of the closing day, June 20, and in the presence of an immense audience, of Mr. A. B. Greener and Miss Hannah Davis, both graduates and also teachers.

Presently we hear of the marriage at Covington, Ky., July 11, of James M. Park and Miss Lizzie M. Reed, both graduates, and Mr. Park, a teacher here. The next strike is at the Institution again, where, August 15, there is made a wedding party for Mr. George W. Ball and Miss M. Abbie Hyde, the latter a teacher here, and the former the son of Mr. Danforth E. Ball, formerly a teacher here. The day following, August 16, Chicago, never bound to be behind: comes to time with the marriage of Mr. G. W. Halse and Mrs. A. T. Evans, both teachers here.

The next star to shoot across the sky is at Cumberland, Md., where Robert P. McGregor, A. B., and Miss Porter take the indissoluble vows. Mr. McGregor is a graduate here, and at present a teacher of deaf-mutes in Cincinnati. Mr. Porter was a teacher at the Maryland Institution. Toledo next puts in a case and chronicles the nuptials of Mr. Wm. L. Glen, of McDonnellsville, and Miss Emily L. Ferdig, of Toledo, both formerly pupils.

At Staunton, Va., the main event of the Fair was the unveiling of the bust of the late Col. Jno. B. Baldwin who was the founder and former president of this Association. The address upon the occasion was to have been delivered by B. Johnson Barbour, esq., but, in his absence, that duty was ably performed by Col. Jas. H. Skinner, a brother of Miss Fanny H. Skinner.

THE SILENT WORLD.

Published Semi-Monthly at 711 G Street, N. W.

JOHN E. ELLEGOOD.....Publisher.

TERMS: Single subscription \$1.10 per year, in advance; six months 60 cents; three months 30 cents; single copies 8 cents. All postage will be prepaid by the publisher.

When subscriptions are not paid in advance, subscribers will be charged at the rate of \$1.50 per year. The paper will be sent until an explicit order for its discontinuance is received, and all arrearages paid.

All money should be sent by P. O. money-order, draft, or registered letter. If it is forwarded otherwise, it will be at the risk of the sender. Address all letters to THE SILENT WORLD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 15, 1876.

A REQUEST.

No MAN or woman can live a life that is a blank, a life that is void of romance, of incidents, of accidents, of "items of interest." If each day of some one's life was photographed, it would be a galaxy, full of "facts stranger than fiction." And it is these very items of the individual life, these very facts, which make a paper interesting, instructive and spicy. But who can furnish them, who has the best insight into our existence? Ourselves, most assuredly. Then let the readers of THE SILENT WORLD bear in mind that each one of them can contribute largely toward making the paper acceptable to all. A paper is not so much of a private concern as a public vehicle of the thoughts and opinions of the people. And it only remains for the people to express those thoughts to have them known and considered. To whosoever is seeking to strengthen his mental powers and acquire a proficiency in the English language, the press is the gateway to success. This request we kindly extend to the Faculty and students of the College.

DEAF-MUTISM.

In the last volume of the *Annals* (page 191) we published an extract from a letter written by the Rev. J. Fisher Crossette, a missionary in North China, in which, making an earnest appeal for the establishment of an Institution for the deaf and dumb in that country, he estimated the number of deaf-mutes in China as at least ten times the number in this country. As we had the impression that the Rev. S. R. Brown and other missionaries who had sought deaf-mutes in China had not succeeded in finding any, and as this impression was confirmed by Mr. H. W. Syle, who had investigated the subject carefully, we wrote to Crossette, asking him on what information his estimate was based. He replied as follows:

My statement of the ten-fold ratio of the deaf and dumb in China was based simply on the fact that there are ten citizens of China to one of the United States. I should have been more careful, and should have made allowances for difference in race, climate, national customs, etc. In China, customs does not sanction the marriages of persons of the same name, even though no relationship can be traced. The marriage of near relations on the mother's side is not common. One fruitful cause of deafness, therefore, [if the marriage of relatives is a fruitful cause of deafness,] is comparatively wanting, at least in this part of China. Accidents are more rare here than in America, for the reason that there are no machines to mangle the people, no stairs to tumble down, no hurry, and no bustle. It is very likely, too, that many deaf and dumb children are left to perish. On the other hand, as the medical practice, the food, the houses, etc., are inferior to those of the United States, more cases of deaf-mutism resulting from sickness and disease are to be expected. The clay gods erected in many places, whose prerogative it is to cure deafness and diseases of the ear, show that the affliction is not uncommon.

Mr. Crossette goes on to cite the cases of *seventeen* deaf-mutes, of whose existence he has learned from his native teacher, servants, church members, etc. He also encloses a letter from the Rev. C. R. Mills, of Tung Chow, North China, who is especially interested in the subject from the fact that he has a deaf-mute son. Mr. Mills has personally met *four* deaf and dumb persons, and without having made special inquiries, has heard incidentally from brother missionaries of *three* others. He expresses the opinion that deaf-mutes are more numerous in North China than in the United States. A disease called *shang han*, resembling meningitis, prevails there, and one of its commonest effects is to impair the hearing more or less. The number of Chinese who have been made partially deaf by this disease is very great, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that it sometimes results in total deafness.

FOREIGN SAVANTS ON "DEAF-MUTES."—The Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Reporter* of April 29, 1876, contains an abstract of the proceedings of the "International Congress of Medical Sciences, Section of Otology," held at Brussels in September, 1875. The discussions upon subjects relating to otology proper were creditable to those who took part in them and will no doubt prove useful to medical science; but when the learned members of the "Congress undertook to treat of the psychological aspects of deaf-mutism, they made—if correctly reported in the Philadelphia *Journal*—a deplorable exhibition of their own ignorance. M. Bonnafont's paper "On the Legal Responsibility of Deaf-Mutes" is epitomized as follows in the *Reporter*:

He began by establishing the fact that the absence of the sense of hearing exercises a most deleterious influence on the development of our faculties, and renders difficult all means of instruction and education. The intelligence of deaf-mutes not being accessible to abstract ideas, we cannot expect to find in them a notion of conscience which permits the appreciation of the acts emanating from the intelligence. He refuses to admit that the deaf-mute is capable of receiving an unlimited amount of education, and thinks, at best, that it can only be an approach to an education. Again, in this respect, it is necessary to make a distinction between congenital and acquired deaf-mutism. Between the uninstructed deaf-mute and the idiot there is not much difference. M. Bonnafont endeavors to prove that the deaf-mute is devoid of dangerous propensities, quoting Itard, who declares that he has never seen a single deaf-mute become insane. Now, as this imbecility is in direct opposition to intellectual development, we have furnished a new argument in reference to the legal responsibility of those affected with deaf-mutism. The failing in the education of the intelligence belonging to them makes itself felt through phases of their lives. If they learn to write, they generally make attempts in a childish or idiotic language, which shows an absence in precision of judgment. Then he believes that, legally, the deaf-mute should be treated as the idiot. It has always been considered that deaf-mutes should be excluded from general social life.

Another prominent member of the Congress, M. Delstanche, said:

Those who claim for these unfortunates a certain degree of responsibility (in accordance with their education) do not take sufficiently into account the special condition in which they live. One does not take into account their irascibility; on the slightest provocation they often fly into the most violent rage.

To these remarks there was no dissent from any quarter. It is a pity that such erroneous declarations should be made to the world by men regarded as wise, and who doubtless are so in their own departments. We scarcely think the like would have occurred in this country, where the whole subject seems to be better understood than it is abroad. The reason of the difference is probably to be found in the clear and correct explanations of our widely-circulated Institution reports; in such publications as Dr. H. P. Peet's treatise on the "Legal Rights and Responsibilities of the Deaf and Dumb," Dr. I. L. Peet's paper on the "Psychical Status and Criminal Responsibility of the Totally Uneducated," and President Gallaudet's article on "Deaf-Mutism;" and, perhaps chiefly, in the

number of educated deaf-mutes to be found in all communities and all classes of society. Though the gentleman of the "Congress" seemed to be giving the results of their own observation, we suspect that the source from which they drew their erroneous ideas was a remarkable article on the Paris Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, published sometime ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in following which they doubtless thought they were speaking by the book. As it is our purpose to give a translation of this article in a future number of the *Annals*, we make no further comments on it at present.—*Annals*.

PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

MR. FRANCIS ROTTER, of New York City, is now engaging in mining business at Boulder, Colorado.

A SISTER of the late VALENTINE HOLLOWAY, a graduate of the Deaf-mute College is on a visit to Kendall Green.

MR. FAY of the Ohio Institution is well pleased with Mr. A. B. GREENER, because he is so assiduous in his duties as a teacher.

STILL another! Robert Patterson of Columbus, Ohio, is the proud father of a boy aged a few weeks. He was so much rejoiced at the sight of his own boy so that he hardly knew whether on head or foot he was walking!

MR. A. W. MANN has no doubt been to see the adonation of Mr. H. W. Syle as deacon for the deaf and dumb which was to take place on the 8th inst. We trust he will stop here before he returns home.

MISS ANNIE L. ISHANT's mother, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has lately died of typhoid fever a short time after returning from a visit to the great Exposition. We sincerely condole for her great bereavement. No body can appreciate such loss until he himself departed of that real blessing.

MR. B. ST. JOHN ACKERS is about to establish a school in England for the instruction of deaf-mutes by the articulation method. He has had a gentleman in Germany studying their methods for some time past. This gentleman, Mr. Kinsey is now in the United States examining our schools.

MISS ELLEN D. BARTON, the accomplished teacher of articulation who has been engaged for the past two years in instructing Mr. B. ST. JOHN ACKER's little deaf girl, in England, returns to her native land on the 18th inst. She leaves her little charge, well grounded in language, and far advanced in the use of her tongue, in the care of an English teacher who has been specially trained by Miss Barton for work. Her residence hereafter will be Camden, N. J.

At the request of the Minister from Chili President Gallaudet contributed some publications on deaf-mute instruction, including several volumes of the *Annals*, to the International Exhibition held last year at Santiago, Chili. We learn from the official announcement of prizes that the *Annals* received "a medal of the first class, with a special recommendation, and thanks for the kindness shown to the Government in sending this important collection.—*Annals*.

[For The Silent World.]

THE FATHER'S RETURN.

BY RICHARD G. LINTHICUM.

MRS. WELLS and her pretty daughter, Mabel, sat down to their frugal meal with dejected spirits.

Their stock of provisions was well nigh exhausted, and Wiggles, the corner grocer, had refused to credit them, until the bill they now owed was paid in full.

They sat down with heavy hearts, but the appearance of Jack tendered to relieve the heaviness somewhat.

The Jack in question was Jack Havers, the betrothed lover of Mabel.

Five years before, Mabel was courted by suitors of wealth and affluence, but upon her father's failing in business, and being lost at sea, all deserted her, save noble, true-hearted Jack.

After this catastrophe, the widow, for so Mrs. Wells deemed herself, as her husband was reported drowned, occupied a little cottage on the out-skirts of the city, and by doing needle work, and Mabel securing a position as governess, they managed to live comfortable.

But a month before my story opens, Mrs. Wells was taken sick, and Mabel was discharged by her high-toned, high-tempered employer.

Here was another trial, but they bore it as those who have suffered much and long only can, and with the assistance of Jack, who was their boarder, they managed to make a living.

Jack's salary was small, but every dollar found its way into the widow's pocket.

And on the night our story opens, he caused the hearts of mother and daughter to leap with joy, by showing them a pocket-book filled with bank-notes ranging from five to five hundred dollars.

This he had found in the street.

To keep it meant future happiness—

But if the loser should advertise?

A day passed, no advertisement appeared, and Jack, honestly conquering the dream of future happiness, inserted an advertisement in the paper, stating that the owner could have the pocket-book by calling at No.— —St. and paying for the advertisement.

During the day several spurious "losers" presented themselves but utterly failed in their description of the pocket-book and its contents.

Toward evening, an elderly gentleman presented himself.

He minutely described the pocket-book and its contents, and was, without doubt, the rightful owner.

Jack gave him the pocket-book, and he carefully counted the money and then the papers it contained.

"You will pardon me, madam," he said, after ascertaining that all was correct, but you seem to be somewhat in need, and as your son here has proven to be such an honest young man, I want to reward you in the best manner possible."

"We are very much obliged to you, sir," responded Mrs. Wells, "but the gentleman you refer to is not my son; only a boarder, sir."

"Oh! I beg pardon then," said the stranger, and then turning to Jack he asked:

"Will you favor me with your name, sir?"

"Jack Havers, sir."

And your friends?" asked the stranger, in tones that betrayed eagerness.

"Mrs. and Miss Wells, sir."

"Wife of Edward Wells?"

"The same."

"Why," said the stranger, apparently recovering from momentary excitement, "Ed. Wells and I were friends in Australia."

"In Australia?"

"It was now Jack's time to be surprised.

"Yes," responded the stranger.

"He is still living?" asked Mrs. Wells, eagerly.

"He is."

"Thank God!"

"Listen, and I will tell you his story," said the stranger. "Edward Wells, every one supposed, was lost at sea. True, the ship on which he sailed was wrecked, but Wells did not perish.

"He floated ashore on a spar, and found himself on the coast of Australia.

"There he lived for two years, when he received intelligence that his wife and child were dead.

"He had resolved to return home, at the expiration of the two years as he had amassed a small fortune, but this news caused him to delay three years, in which time he accumulated an immense fortune, being engaged largely in diamond mining; and now," and the stranger rose, "he returns home to find his wife and child alive and well!"

"Husband!"

"Father!"

And wife and child were locked in the strong arms of Edward Wells, for 'twas he.

The joy that followed can be better imagined than described.

When the excitement had abated, Mabel told her father how good Jack had been to them.

To descriptively detail further is unnecessary.

Suffice to say that Wiggle's grocery bill was liquidated, and the humble cottage exchanged for a down-town mansion.

The *bon ton* former friends of Mr. Wells, after learning of his sudden change of fortune and return to life, made their "fashionable calls," but the coldness with which they received forbade a second visit.

In two short weeks, Jack was initiated into the family.

He had won the prize he so nobly deserved.

DEATH OF MR. ELMORE P. CARUTHERS.

A PRESS telegram, dated September 9, announced the surprising intelligence that on Sunday morning, September 8, in Talmadge, Summit county, Mr. E. P. Caruthers died at the age of thirty-four years and eleven months.

His death is a sore bereavement to the Arkansas Institution at Little Rock. Under his judicious, diligent and loving care, it has enjoyed marked prosperity. He had endeared himself to the mute children of that State, and had acquired the confidence—that plant of slow growth—of all persons interested in the Institution. He laid its foundations ably and well, and lived to see it blooming into a life full of promise. Alas! that he who so loved it and labored for its welfare, must so soon leave it. Thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar learning of the profession, skilled in the art of pantomime, a successful executive officer in every department of Institution life—rich in every qualification for professional life upon its highest plane—his death is to all human view nothing but loss—loss depressing and deplorable.

The wife and the three dear children—language is powerless to express the reality of their bereavement, and no words of human sympathy can soothe the agony of their grief.

And here at the Ohio Institution there is mourning hearty and sincere. For while Mr. Caruthers had been away from us for several years, he had yet never ceased to be a part of us. The hun-

dreds of deaf-mutes whom he here instructed will shed many tears at his untimely end. The officers of the household hold in memory's most sacred store-house the remembrance of his intelligent, conscientious and efficient labors, and also the general good fellowship which he contributed to all the relations of personal intercourse and social life.

But let us not forget the loss to himself as he lies inanimate beneath the sod. Picture the kindling hopes and earnest ambition which he naturally would cherish as, at thirty-four, he stood the successful and trusted head of a prominent Institution. Estimate, if you can, the depths of a father's love as his eyes rested upon and his arms encircled those dear little ones, and his tender yearning for their future welfare. Tell, if you can, the heart sinking and disappointment of that noble spirit as he lay sleepless beneath the stars of those Colorado plains, and felt that the tides of his life were ebbing away. Wife, children, home, friends, labors, ambition, hopes, life budding, bearing fruit, and full of promise—to lay aside all—and enter unattended the cold realm of shade to return no more. Who can describe or appreciate such anguish?

Dear Caruthers, associate and friend beloved, farewell, a long farewell!

The following reference, from the *Akron Beacon*, has just come to hand:

"This gentleman, who has been traveling among the Rocky Mountains for some time in a vain effort to recover his health, came home to Talmadge from Colorado Springs (whence his father had removed him, on account of an epidemic prevailing there, on Saturday. He was utterly exhausted, and died at 4 a. m. Sunday. The funeral was to take place this (Tuesday) afternoon, from his father's house.

"Mr. Caruthers, who lacked but a month of being thirty-five years old, graduated at the Western Reserve College, in 1865, at the head of his class. During most of the time since he has been Superintendent of the Arkansas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Little Rock, serving to the entire satisfaction of all, so that they were loth to let him go, even when it was evident that his health would not permit him much longer to attend to his duties. He leaves a wife and three children. His family, in their grief, will have the sympathy of all who knew him, for he was a universal favorite."—*The Mute Chronicle*.

HOWARD GLYNDON AND HER MARRIAGE.

THIS well-known writer and poet is Laura C. Redden, a deaf-mute, who was educated at a school for deaf-mutes in Mystic River, Conn., and has written some charming verses, though never able to hear a word spoken by herself or any other person in her life. Up to within a few years she has not been able to utter an intelligible sound, but medical skill and modern science have finally succeeded in developing a peculiar voice through which she can express herself to those accustomed to hearing it very well, but strangers find it extremely difficult to understand what it is she tries to say, and replies have invariably to be written or communicated by deaf and dumb alphabet.

The sound which she produces is precisely that of a materialized voice in a dark seance. It is as if it were projected upon the air by some instrumentality in her throat independent of her volition, for it comes with gasps and apparent effort, which is almost painful, and though it has sweet tones, is incapable of proper modulation, because the speaker does not hear herself, and cannot graduate it as if it were entirely under her control and subject to her will.

But she is a very bright, attractive woman, nevertheless dresses with great taste, and is exceedingly fond of society. The romance of

her life—for it had a romance—has ended, or perhaps only begun a new and more interesting chapter by her marriage last Wednesday to a young lawyer of this city, Mr. Edward W. Searing, a native of Western New York, where his family hold an influential position and are highly respected in the Friend's society, to which they belong, and by the public at large.

Mr. Searing is a *rara avis* now a-days. Possessed of a considerable talent, he is at the same time a man of high honor, industrious, loyal, devoted and true. The deaf-mute has really you a much better husband than many girls who have the use of their eyes and their tongues.

I have heard, on excellent authority, the Miss Redden was engaged to be married once before to a Presbyterian minister, who had known and loved her from childhood, but exercised tyrannical authority over her. Her wedding garments were even prepared, but he harassed her to such an extent, insisting that her life should be governed by such rigid laws, that she should only write religious tracts and hymns, and be subject in all things to his will as the rule of her faith and action, that at a late moment she rebelled and broke away from his dictatorship. She said it was not her fault if God had made the world seem a pleasant place to her, and if she felt more like singing songs than Psalms, and praise than giving utterance to groans; that her whole nature cried out for freedom, for expression, for love and will, and that to become the mere echo of his thoughts would be crucifixion. So the brave Laura gave up all idea of being "supported," and went on writing musical words out of her own heart, which found a response in the hearts of many others, doing also "correspondence," and many others things, and gradually winning her way to an acknowledge position. Her future residence will probably be in New York.—*Correspondence to the Baltimore American.*

INSTITUTION NEWS.

COLLEGE RECORD.

Michaels, formerly of 79, is about to engage in business in Knoxville, Tenn.

Whole number of Students in the College is forty-nine with two to hear from yet.

Jordon of the Preps, lost his vest recently while playing base-ball outside of the College grounds.

Of the new students only one was admitted into the Freshman Class, viz: James J. Sanson, of Indiana.

A LITTLE white kitten lately entered the Chapel and confidentially and comfortably stowed herself in one of the chairs on the pulpit-platform. A professor seeing her, remarked, "Well, cats do prey."

At a meeting of the Kendall B. B. C. held on the 30th ult., the following gentlemen were elected officers for the term ending March 1877:

President, W. L. Waters, '79; Vice-president, C. R. Mann, '80; Secretary, D. A. Simpson, '78; Treasurer, F. W. Bigelow, '80; Captain, R. King, '82.

The Literary Society was organized on Friday evening last, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, F. R. Gray, '78; Vice-President, T. C. Holloway, '78; Secretary, C. M. Rice, '79; Treasurer, F. Branner, '81; Librarian, J. A. Rince, '79; D. A. Simpson, '78. The following were elected officers of the Reading Club for the ensuing term, at a meeting held October 7th: W. N. Sparrow, President; J. M. Cosgrove, Vice-President; Secretary, C. M. Rice, '79; J. A. Prince, Treasurer, '79; C. Q. Mann, Librarian, '80; Albert F. Tufts, Assistant Librarian, '81.

In the Adv. Preps. four viz: Frank W. Shaw, Albert H. Schory, Richard L. H. Long, Jeremiah P. Kelly.

In the Lower Preps.: Eddie R. Carroll, Charles R. Stewart, E. L. Vandamme, William A. Nelson, Alfred F. Wood, William A. Jackson, Henry Bierham, Albert C. Hargrave, Lars M. Larson, Frank A. Scott, Minus C. E. Jordon, Frank A. Branner, I. N. Hammer, Thomas H. Wain, Robert King, Robert M. Zeigler. Total twenty-one students. In a game of base-ball between the College nine and a picked nine from the Preps., resulted in a victory for the College boys 6 to 11. Seymour umpired very satisfactory to both sides.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A RIFLE contest has been held by women in Warwickshire, exhibiting unexpected skill.

The city of Aix, France, is preparing to celebrate its thousandth anniversary. A statue of the Roman General, Marius, conqueror of the Cimbro-Teutons, is to be erected.

Wrath has been excited in England by Disraeli's last invective at Aylesbury. He said: "The conduct of certain politicians is worse than any of these Bulgarian atrocities of which we have heard so much."

Miss Louisa Stepford has sent a diamond brooch to be sold in aid of the Servians, and writes that the diamonds were taken from a snuff-box given to her father Admiral Stepford, by sultan Abdul Medjid.

The *Dramatic News* says that John McCullough, of the California Theatre telegraphed to Stuart Robson canceling an engagement for the production of Bret Harte's play, in consequence of the charge of dishonesty made against the critics.

♫ A pious but uneducated judge closed a sentence with the following touching reproof: "Prisoner at the bar, nature has endowed you with a good education and respectable family connections; instead of which you go prowling around the country after ducks."

The Japanese Educational Commission, after having spent four years in examination of the various systems of education in Europe and America, has selected the Boston system as the model which it will present at home, and has procured a collection of furniture, diplomas, maps, blanks, globes, text-books, books of reference, in fact a specimen of everything used in the schools, from the lowest to the highest department.

The Arab journals of India and elsewhere are calling strenuously upon Mohammedans to devote their means to aiding the Sultan of Turkey against the unbelievers who seek to deprive him of his possessions. "Subscribe liberally," say they "that true believers may cut the heads from the accursed wretches who dare to lift sacrilegious hands against a prince raised by God to be our spiritual and temporal chief."

Charles Reade, the English author, has been presented with a "ladies Centennial brooch" by Mrs. James T. Fields of Boston, and in return sent a teapot of the last century, of curious design, bearing the following inscription: "Charles Reade dedicates to the ladies of Boston, and presents to his esteemed friend, Mrs. Fields, this pot of the period when the citizens of Boston turned their harbor into a teapot and tasted the sweets of liberty."

The Rev. Dr. Dix, accusing Mr. Sankey of using as original the tunes of thirty or forty years ago, says: "These melodies of other days have been revived, with all their characteristics and with the old method and construction; and now adapted to sentimental and subjective verselets, they are sung in hippodromes, in Gospel tents, and in parlors and boarding houses on Sunday evenings, under the name of 'Sacred Gospel Hymns.' In one collection I found the hymn, 'There is a land of pure delight,' set to the old tune, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' and that without change of a single note. Elsewhere I found the hymn, 'God's temple crowns the holy mount' adapted to another old-time song, 'Pensez a moi, ma chere amie; which we have the well-known verses beginning, 'Hark, hark, my soul, angelic notes are swelling, arranged to the beautiful old air of 'La Suisse au bord du lac.'"

LAWS RELATING TO NEWSPAPERS.

1 SUBSCRIBERS who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that "refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

7. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher, at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking the periodical; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscribers will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrears, is sent to the publisher.

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.